AN EPISTLE

In Answer to

Susan Sauce-pan's,

FAMOUS

LETTER

TO

Phil. Hor—k.

Now *COOK-MAID* to

Cardinal *Alberoni*,

WITH

A *Secret History* of the *Household of Faith*, &c.

By *JENNY TUCK-BED*, Chamber-Maid to *PHIL. HOR--K.*

DUBLIN:
Printed and Sold by *Tho. Hume*, next Door to the *Walsh*'s-Head in *Smock-Alley*, 1719.

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A

Famous EPISTLE

In Answer to

Susan Sauce-Pan's

LETTER, &c.

Reverend Susanna,

FOR so I am oblig'd to call you, in regard to your high Station, and the Circle you move in at present; and I should be wanting to my Duty, if I did not address every living Creature in the *Cardinal*'s Family, down to the Turn-Spit, in that manner: There is, methinks, a sort of Awfulness spreads over my Spirits, when I present your *Image* to my Mind, in your Smock-Sleeves, tuck'd up, besmear'd with Dripping, and basting a young *Turkey*, which has given his *Eminence* some Diversion in his vacant Minutes.

The Haughtiness you treat your Fellow-Labourers with, is no ways surprising to me: *Pride* insensibly

ſteals in upon every Inſect in a *Prelate*'s Family; and it's uſual for a *Groom* of the Stables in *Purple*, to roll with a *Lieutenant* in *Scarlet*.

As little ſtartled am I at your affected Devotion: A *broken Beauty*, and a *neglected Harlot*, make ſpecial *Prudes*, and all the She's of your former Acquaintance, I preſume muſt be damn'd *carnal Whores*, forſooth, to keep up the Reputation of your *ſpiritual Wickedneſs*.

But to the Point.——Laſt Week I took in a *Letter*, dated from the *Pardo*: The Superſcription ſpoke the Sex, and was of a very familiar Strain. My Maſter was then buſy in his Parlour, with a Couple of *She Patients*, (and, I think, o' my Conſcience, they will never leave applying to him, ſo long as he gives his Advice gratis) I rapt twice gently at the Door, the private Signal of my Attendance, betwixt my Maſter and ſelf; I was order'd in, and told him, there was a Letter for him, but directed in ſuch Characters, that I could almoſt ſwear it was written with a Skuer. My Maſter perceiv'd I ſpoke the laſt Words with ſome Diſdain, and a dubious Aſpect; ſo, to keep up the Spirit of the good Company, and prevent the leaſt Miſapprehenſion in me, bid me read the Contents.

I open'd it with an eager Hand, and carefully directing my Eye to the bottom of the Letter, for a diſcovery of Hand, I ſoon redeem'd my Spirits, and thought it came from one of my Maſter's old *Gruel-makers*, for at that Time, you was entirely out of my Thoughts; beſides, going by three ſeveral Names, during your Pilgrimage from Bench to Bench, in St. *James*'s Park, I could not eaſily recollect you.

I went on, and found my Maſter prettily amus'd with the Introduction, his Humour enliven'd by your pompous Deſcription of his Entry; but when you began to preach Morals from the *Cardinal*'s Family, he could not hold his Sides any longer, but aſſoon as he recover'd his Fit of Laughter, he cry'd out, *Tell me, O Sincerity, what art thou! Alas, poor* Sue! After a ſlight Pauſe; *Call the Scullion* (ſays he) *to anſwer this*

Letter;

Letter;——*Tieze her ſoundly, and put her into an ill Humour, and I'll anſwer for the Succeſs of it.* But, upon ſecond Thoughts, my Maſter aſſign'd me the Task.

I thought my ſelf a ſufficient Match for a *Cook-Maid*, and was juſt upon the point of retiring to my Desk, when my Maſter frankly told me; Jenny, *Don't think I am going to flatter your Wit, or Capacity, when I acquaint you, that your Proprieties are juſter, and your Thoughts much better turn'd; nor let me fright you, when I tell you, that you are to engage againſt Five.* This had almoſt daſh'd my Reſolution, and I began to form Excuſes: He cut me ſhort, and unravel'd the Myſtery: *Look you*, Jenny (ſays he) *the Five I ſpeak of, are, his Eminency's Secretary, his Maſter of the Revels, his two Chaplains, his flaxen hair'd Boy that waits in his Chamber; for poor abandon'd* Sue *is only the Canal thro' which they convey their Wit and good Nature.* Three of them, upon ſumming up my Parts, I agreed to engage, but the Two Orthodox, *Sr.* I fear, will cut me down.

My Maſter ſoon quieted all my Fears, by telling me; Jenny, *Thou writeſt a Hand bad enough for the beſt Scholar; thou ſpell'ſt better than moſt of thy Sex; thou canſt not Scold, or give ill Language and in that ſingle Article, thou wilt have a vaſt Advantage over the* Orthodox Parſons: *Thou haſt learn'd an eaſineſs of Style from* Sachev——l's *Sermons; the whole Art of Reaſoning, from* Sher——ck's *Debates; and a clever evaſive Turn in your Talking, from the two Famous equivocal Tracts of* Sn—pe: *And thus equip'd, I could almoſt venture to ſlip thee upon a Catholick* Convocation.

Upon this Encouragement, I ſate down, and being turn'd looſe to my own Imagination, I ſhall diſmiſs the Gravity of the firſt Title I gave you, and Talk with you upon the Square.

I heartily Congratulate my dear *Suky*, upon her admiſſion into that Primitive Family, and hope, after having paſs'd thro' ſo many improving Scenes of Life, ſhe cannot be ignorant of the many Advantages accruing to her from that greazy Station.

How

How different will thy Fare be from what it was in *Swallow-Street*; when all thy large Side-Board of *Welch Plate* us'd to be foul'd with a Penny-Worth of *Gray Peaſe* and *Bacon*, and the Diſh-Water that clean'd them, reſerv'd as a choice Meſs of Broth for the next Morning; when even *Gin* and *Gentian* could not be purchas'd without dipping one of your *Douds*, and a Brown Toaſt ſoak'd in Water was a meer Carnival? But now you will ſee the different State of a poor hungry W—re, and a flouriſhing Church. You will ſee how glorious the Prieſts are cramming and greazing their Carcaſſes here, that they may ſlip thro' the Narrow Gate with more eaſe.

You muſt be very Nice in making the *Cardinal's* ſtrong Broth, from your Skilful Hands his Eminence expects a Recruit of Spirits: For each Reſtorative Jelly, thou may'ſt expect a Year's Indulgence, and for a Provocative Soup, perhaps a Midnight Benediction, if the loſs of the *Catholick Fleet* don't check his Concupiſence.

In all your Vacancies, inſtead of your Beads and *Roſary*, ſtudy the Refinement of Taſte; the Fibres of an Orthodox Tongue, are more exquiſitely form'd, than thoſe of the *Laity*: As indeed every brawny Muſcle is more Spiritualiz'd: The high *Guſto* is a Myſtery almoſt Sacred to the Prieſts and a Service by it ſelf: For your Regaling the Fleſh of Holy Church, ſhe will provide for your Spirit. There is a vaſt difference between the Palate of your old Maſter, and the Luxury of a *Cardinal*: He, poor abſtemious Creature, you know, lov'd his Meat down boil'd and roaſted, but to gratify the Eye and Palate of a Prieſt, the Blood muſt always follow the Knife, and pray keep up that Tincture in all your Sawcers, for it's a very elegant Colour amongſt them and the Butchers.

The Way is already pav'd to your Advancement; the Palate is always Pimp to the Fleſh, and by that Frailty, Mother, Church muſt be ſupported: *Cooks* have riſen to the greateſt Favour by pleaſing the Taſte of a poor temporal Prince: A *Roman* Emperor in a

Freak

Freak offer'd the Conſulſhip to his Cook for dreſſing a *Mullet* to Perfection, and who knows but a well-ſeaſon'd Soup may raiſe you to the Dignity of an Embaſſadreſs, and ſo on, to the *Porphiry* Chair, that I may ſalute your Holineſs in my Life-time, by the Name of *Pope Suſanna* the firſt.

I cannot ſufficiently admire the happy Influence of my Maſter, in the good Fortune of his Servants: He has three abandon'd Miſtreſſes at this time, beſides your ſelf, in reputable keeping: One with a *French Marquis*, the other with a *Fidalgo*, a Third with one of your *Titular Archbiſhops* in this Iſland; and he often rallies me when I think my ſelf bury'd, and ſpending my Bloom in a Retirement. *Jenny*, ſays he, *Don't be Chagrin: Thou ſeeſt the Fortune of thy Predeceſſors; when thou art weary of my Service, with a few Aſtringents, I'll make thee a cleverer Privy Purſe for the* Pope, *than the celebrated Mrs.* T.——

Theſe, dear *Sue*, are Encouragements, eſpecially to a gay Imagination that glowes with a Proſpect of Power, and hopes by the Key of the Holy Father's C——*d-piece*, to ſave and kill at Pleaſure. I have read the Story of *Donna Olympia*, and think her Sovereignty greater than that Whore's, which commanded the *Grecian* Hero to burn *Perſepolis*. When a Miſtreſs has an Orthodox Prieſt by the Girdle, ſhe knows all the Secrets of the Pariſh, and fences againſt her private Scandal, by a Regiſtry of all the Infirmities of the Fair Sex under his Charge.

You have mighty Advantages in your Houſhold over us, in your Modes of Sinning: In *Lay-Hands* you could only pleaſe your ſelf with the *Sketches*, and Outlines of Vice, but there you have vaſt Opportunities of ſeeing Lewdneſs work'd up by an infallible Hand to the laſt Pretection, and ſtrongeſt Garnation; and inſtead of Venial Treſpaſſes of Love, revel on *High Cathedral Luſt*.

There are more Eccleſiaſtical Priviledges, dear *Suky*, that you are entitul'd to, in that Station of *Cookery*: There is an indeliable Character always upon your Gown;

Gown, from the caſual Spurts of the Dripping: Then you have likewiſe to plead an unbroken Succeſſion of *Cooks*, from the firſt Potting of *Veniſon* down to this Day: Beſides, a Divine Right to the *Ladle*, as being committed to your Charge by his Eminence, which make your Claims more Authentick than ſome modern Pretenders; and if the *Cardinal* ſhould once throw his Mantle over you in a Frolick, where may your Promotion end?

But now I muſt chide you a little, for your idle Complaints of my Maſter's deſerting you; and for a certain vehemence of Stile, which ought not to find Countenance in ſo polite a Court as the *Cardinal's*. Had you come to my Maſter's Arms with the *Virgin-Blue* upon you, I ſhould have taken part in your Sufferings, but, alas! you gave him the Strangury ſix Days after your firſt Familiarity; and tho' theſe Reproaches of yours, may paſs for oraculous Truths, in a *Catholick Country*, made up of *Legends*, and *Spiritual Romances*, yet we on this ſide of the Water, weigh every thing by proper Standards, and will not ſuffer our Ears to be impos'd on, in order to the weakening of our *Reaſon* and *Conſcience*.

My Maſter has often told your Story to me, with an Air of Pity, and, beſides the clammy Sweats, which were the firſt cauſe of his Averſion, he beheld a Scene that made both your Intereſts irreconcileable: He ſaw you, and bleſs'd his Eyes, one Evening, thro' a Chink in the Wainſcoat, at the *Croſs-Keys Tavern*, ſeated between two of your Orthodox Divines, in more than Imperial State, with both your Hands fervently employ'd, and a Scepter in each, they waiting your Deciſion on the Prize of Love. I draw a Veil over the reſt, as too offenſive to *Lay* Eyes: And how, after this, you can arraign his Treachery, is incomprehenſible to every thing but a Prieſt, and a———. He thanks you heartily for his *Welſh* Rabbits, and Pidgeons, but for your *Tit-bits*, as you call them, he thinks he gave you a Tit-bit, which, from any thing but an inſatiable Conſcience, includes the whole Bill of Fare.

But

But pray what would all this rich Inventory have, amounted to, if you had gotten a ſworn Appraiſer? *Pale-Ale*, *Tobacco*, *a tatter'd Gown*, and a *red Petticoat*, for which you had *Good-fellowſhip*, *Burnt Brandy*, a *Proteſtant Catch* every Night, and his *Scarlet-Silk Stockings* to Ply in upon all Feſtivals.

Your Reflection upon my Maſter's Red-Hair'd Girl, is invidious, and no ways affects me, for I am as Black as a Crow; but you ſhould conſider Complexions are involuntary, and he thinks that Colour for Change as good as any: I had a Curioſity the other Day, of looking over his *Love-Liſt*, and I find her prick'd *Run*, *March* the 5th, 1715.

My Maſter is too volatile to be confin'd to one poor Inſipid: After the firſt Rant is over, and the kind She has prattled over her Adventures; as her being debauch'd by a Colonel; her Exerciſes in *Tuthill-Fields*; her narrow Eſcapes from the Watch; her ſurprizing Minutes of Good Fortune, in being reſcu'd out of the Hands of a tyrannical Conſtable, by the kind Mediation of a Juſtice; and her Cant of being us'd with a great deal of good Manners by a Lord, and ſhe begins to complain of his being too great a Student, he then crys up the Beauty of an active Life, and ſends her into the World again, to make freſh Conqueſts; and from this wholſome Advice, he has often met with an unexpected Bow out of a Chariot, from one of his old Acquaintance diſfigur'd with good Cloaths.

But now, dear *Sue*, you and I ſhould have a private Laugh, apart from the *Cardinal*, about your wild Tranſition from being Jilted, to a Detail of my Maſter's Religion: What has your ſuppos'd ill Uſage to do with things ſo much above your reach or inclination? Thoſe Epithets of Helliſh, and Damnable, don't mouth well from a Woman: But I allow for the *Church Tang*, and I charitably believe one of your Chaplains help'd you to thoſe Figures of Speech, for the ſake of a *Potted Pidgeon*.

When you talk of Religion, you are *pathetically Dull*, and ſpeak as much to the purpoſe, as ſome of our Orthodox do in their Occaſional Sermons, in the Month of *January*. When you break thro' your Sufferings, and

and talk Gay, my Master applauds your Syle, and is pleas'd with that borrow'd Description, of his Entry upon the Top of a Waggon. 'Faith, there was some Humour in it, and he appear'd Majestick in his motly Habiliments; but you mistook the Contents of the Waggon: For instead of an *Invalid*, a *Corn-cutter*, a *Cancer*, and *Jug'lers*, there were two *Saucer-Ey'd* Priests, who had got miserably Drunk with Toasting the *Orphan*, and had left *Verbum Sacerdotis* in Pawn for a Rundlet of *Brandy*: A *Nonjuring* Parson who had almost choak'd himself with *Scotch Snuff*, and at every Pinch bellow'd out *Restoration*: An old *Cavalier* who had slep'd in the open Air for two Moons, and took Sanctuary there for the benefit of clean Straw: A regimental Whore, who fold several Bargins to the two Reverends, and foil'd as lazily upon the brawny Cheeks of one of them, as if it had been a Pulpit-Cushion: Besides, a *Pedler*, *Sailor*, and a Wet-Nurse. And such Company, you know, was too gross for one of my Master's Taste.

It's pitty, dear *Sue*, you could not have kept up your good Humour a little longer. After you had from the fertility of your Invention, pick'd up such a Company of Strowlers, according to the Laws of Dramatick Justice, you should have furnish'd them a Theatre in some old Barn or Stable in the Inn; assign'd their parts, and made my Master the Hero of the *Stage*, as he was of the *Waggon*: But 'tis the Fate of your *Clan*, for one accidental Fit of good Humour, we meet with a Dozen unedifying Reproofs.

But, by the By, it would have been downright Prophaness in any but one of your *Orthodox Chaplains*, to have call'd a Waggon of Strowlers, *An Epitomy of* Noah's *Ark*: But you having the sole command of these Records, they are oblig'd to speak as you would have them, and furnish out Comparisons for *spiritual Pride*, and *womanish Resentments*.

Faith, *Sue*, I am of Opinion my Master would have answer'd your Epistle with his own Hand, if he had not seen that Speck of Prophaness in it: And then for you to make such a Burlesque of Virtue, as to tell the World, *You had always an aversion to his vicious Practices*,

ces, and trembling to hear Religion treated ſo contemptuouſly; in the Name of *Venus*, how is a Whore to live, but by the vicious Practices of her Paramour? Or, did that Species ever tremble at any thing but a Conſtable, a Tally man, or an importunate Landlady? Thou hadſt, at that Time, more weighty Buſineſs on thy Hand, than to waſte an uſeful Minute in the Admonition. They Stomach, to his certain knowledge, was more aggriev'd than thy Conſcience: But my Maſter, by virtue of his Second-Sight, which he now but occaſionally makes uſe of, ſees the Prieſt at your Elbow, forcing you to ſubſcribe to all this incoherent Stuff, firſt abſolving your Fibs by the Score, and then ſtriking a Tally for you in Heaven, for the meritorious Service.

My Maſter owns, to his Grief, that he never made a topping Figure in Religion; that he thinks he goes on, with his Neighbours, in a reputable Mediety, with a Friend Nam'd *Charity*, within call; that as he never put himſelf upon the Level with the moſt Regular Proteſtant, ſo he never ſunk into the nauſeous Vices of the Orthodox: You make him ſmile in that part of your Epiſtle, where his Eminency's Chaplain ſpeaks contemptibly of the *Alcoran*: He was much ſurpriz'd to find a pamper'd Prieſt quarrel with his *Rule of Faith*; and the only Support of his rampant Incontinence.

'Pr'ythee, *Sue*, never talk of a *Bible* from thoſe Parts; it's too wholſome Food to permit *Laity* to feed on, and our *Orthodox* here are pretty much of the ſame Judgment, being diſpos'd to allow it but ſparingly, and who would, no doubt, prove Fathers in Law to the *Text*; firſt give the *ſpiritual Food* by Scrapes to the *Laity*, and then, perhaps, with a Curſe, grudge them the Nouriſhment thereof.

What have your Prieſts, or any *Orthodox* of their Stamp, to do with a Book ſo oppoſite to their Practices? You have long ſince ſet up a *Corporation* of yourſelves, and made ſeveral *By-Laws*, deſtructive to the very *Being of Chriſtianity*, and why will you be ſuch *Felo de ſe's*, to ſpeak venerably of a Book whoſe every Line is level'd at your *Corruptions*? Don't you think

it would be a merry Incident, if a *Felon convict*, that makes it his Buſineſs to borrow a little *Money*, or ſo, out of a *Fob*, *occaſionally*, ſhould rail at every one that charg'd him with it, for not paying a due reſpect to the *Statutes* in that Caſe provided? Would not the *Criminal* laugh to ſee any one mind him? Or, would not his Audience rather deſerve begging, for lending an Ear to his *Cant*?

Your *Orthodox*, dear *Sue*, are meer fumbling Impoſtors, in thoſe Things which ſhould be kept as a Secret. That Stratagem of diverting the Eye of the Spectator another Way, when they are to ſhow a Trick, or impoſe upon the Senſes, has been play'd out of breath: The World has always found *Pam* in their Sleeves, and therefore love to *ſhuffle* the *Cards* for themſelves, and ſee them *deal* above board. They are a *Caſt* of People that are excellent at *tranſpoſing of Characters*, and leave a *Name of Integrity* very often in Pawn for their *Vices*. When there is an *Hue and-Cry* after a *drunken Prieſt*, they ſtifle the *Scent*, and ſometimes work up the beſt Neighbour into a *Blaſphemer*, *Heretick*, or *Diſſenter*, that perſecutes the *Church* in the Perſon of one of its *venerable Guides*; tho' I muſt do this Juſtice to *Orthodoxy*, that I never heard them reproach an Enemy with the Name of *Turk*, *Jew*, or *Heathen*, having long ſince come to a *Compoſition* with them, and bearing a great reſpect to ſome Branches of their ſeveral Creeds, as that of *Obſtinacy* and *Rebellion* in the *Jewiſh*; *unlimited Luſt*, in the *Turkiſh*; and *Plurality* of *Gods*, *Altars*, *Prieſts*, *Tapers*, *Livings*, and *Faggots*, in the *Pagan*.

But for clean *Satyr*, and the fine Art of *Calumny*, commend me to your *Orthodox Houſhold*; give them their due, they do not go to Work like the Vulgar. Among the *Laity*, the *Charge* is correſpondent to the *Crime*; but in *ſpiritual Revenges*, the *Intention* of the Prieſt makes the *Crime* more or leſs, or different. For when a Prieſt is affronted, he inſtantly puts himſelf on the ſtrongeſt Side, calls Heaven to his Aid, tho' never the ſooner heard for his *Invocation*, and draws forth

forth his *Weapons* out of his *ſpiritual Armory*, as if he was intereſs'd in the beſt of Cauſes.

If the Affront be but ſmall, then you are a *Latitudinarian*; if you happen to diſpute a *Modus* of *Tythes* with him, then you are of a *ſacrilegious Spirit*: If you queſtion the *extent of his Powers*, you are a *Deiſt*: But if you miſs paying *Eaſter* Dues, 'tis ten to one but you are a *Devil in humane Shape*. In your Country the partial Breath of the Prieſt conſumes you in a Moment; and our *Orthodox* think *thoſe Powers* very unequally diſtributed.

Sometimes the Perſon your *Chaplains* are pleas'd to hate is an *Atheiſt*, then you recollect yourſelves, and with your uſual *Charity*, and *Perſpicuity*, make him a Degree beyond an *Atheiſt*, till you have loſt your *Gooſe-Caps* in lame *Definitions*, or *Deſcriptions*, and then turn the Wheel round, till in its circular Motion, you bring him up a *Prize of Virtue*, eſpecially if he has ſcalp'd a *Diſſenter* as a Proof of his *Reformation*.

You talk of ſeveral Things that have ſlipt my Maſter's Memory: As that of an old *Gown* left off. If any ſuch things was left in the *Wardrobe*, he ſupooſes you took it for a Perquiſite, vamp'd it up, and made a good Upper-Petticoat of it. But if it had ever been devoted to pious Uſes, he hopes you never proſtituted it, no not even to the *Cardinal*, for I aſſure you, it is a Petticoat you are not worthy to wear. When my Maſter wore it, it's well known, he was an *Ornament* to it, and kept numbers of *Orthodox* in ſome *decorum*, by his Advice, and the Regularity of his Conduct; and, to his great Grief, he obſerves daily, what an Indifference and Coolneſs there is in moſt of them to *Chocolate-colour'd Gloves*, and *black Pluſh Breeches*, &c. He ſees with Sorrow, the old-faſhion'd *Peruke* with a *Frize*, and the primitive *Border*, fled with *Aſtræa*, and a *janty Night-Cap Whig*, ſubſtituted in the room of it. In his Time, the *Orthodox* were not ſo *nice* in chuſing the ſeveral *Shades* of *Black*, and adjuſting the *Saſh*. The Time may come, that there may be a Set of *Brocade-Prieſts*, with *Fring'd Gloves*

Gloves, and *Cockades*; and then we may ſafely Swear *Mother-Church out of Danger*, by the rich Trimming of her *Sons*.

Hitherto your dear *Catholick* Wit, and heavy Cant, have had their Run, and been very ſupportable; but my Maſter thinks the mention of ſuch a *Father*'s Name, by you and your little Inſtruments, is next to a *Prophanation*: It's provoking to ſee thoſe venerable Remains, after they have lain ſo long undiſturb'd, handled at laſt by a *ſalt Cook*, and to *conſecrated Ruffians*. It's the higheſt *Inſolence* for *Vice*, to aſſume the Protection of a *religious Character*, and a ſort of *Treaſon* againſt *Morality*, to ſee the amiable *Stamp* of *Vertue* counterfeited by *vile Hands*, and the *Devil in the Habit of Orthodoxy*, invading the Place.

Believe me, *Suky*, I have heard my Maſter talk with that Sublimity and Fire of his Father's inimitable Life, as I never yet found in the *Rump* of a *Funeral Sermon*, tho' *Five Guineas* were given to *Lard it*.

I have heard him, with Pleaſure, deſcribe that good Man's holy Rage againſt *Plurality of Cures*, and letting out Peoples Souls to *farm*, againſt the vicious Lives, and malignant Examples of the *Orthodox*; their abject Flattery of a *libidinous Meal*, or a *Dignity*; and meddling with Affairs as remote from their *Charge*, as *Politicks*

He would often ſmile at the Abſurdity of an *Engliſh Catholick Church*, and Pretences to an *unſpotted Church*. And I'll tell you one Thing your *Orthodox Chaplains* are ignorant of, which is, that he mortally hated a *Church* with a *tall Maſt*, and *large Topſail* to it, for fear of ſhaking the *Rigging*, and endangering all the *Effects*: Beſides, he knew what pretty *Furlers* the *Orthodox* are in a *Storm*.

He could ſee *Faults*, tho he was of the *true Proteſtant reform'd Church*, and zealouſly wiſh'd for a greater *Perfection* and a *Comprehenſion*. He has heard him call the Proteſtant Churches of *Sileſia* Siſter-Churches; applaud the Diſcipline of *Geneva*, and even thought the *Scotch Cameronian Diſſenters* nōt very diſtant Relations from

from the Church of *England*, Declaring often, that he thought the Vicious Lives of the Prieſts, the worſt of *Hereſies*, as being the Foundation of all other *Hereſies*: And after this he cannot ſtand long juſtify'd in your *Kalender*.

But now, dear *Suky*, you have made a Sally from the Pulpit, into the Park: You have ſo many quaint Figures, and Tropes that I muſt leave you, if you go on ſo Miſteriouſly, and quit your Reaſon, as my Maſter's *Diſparking the* Church, *Grubbing* up the Pale, and Razing her very Foundations: Faith, *Suky*, I can't but think you have got a Plurality of Livings under his Eminence: Your *Cook-ſhip*, he preſumes, is the main *Cure*, and you hold the *Game-keepers* place in *Commendam*, which may be as good as a *Prebend* of *Sevil*.

Let us ſift this heavy Charge a little more narrowly; ſure your ſpiritual Undertakers were ſomewhat drowzy, when this beautiful Period was allow'd of. Bleſs me! What, compare a Park to the Church? Don't you conſider what are the principal Inhabitants of a Park! Or what Offence it may give to the Orthodox Congregations, to ſuppoſe their Heads have any reſemblance to thoſe frightful Creatures in a Park. Then think what a Blemiſh this Idea may bring upon the ſpiritual Rangers of theſe Parks.

If it ſhould be, as we may with Fear and Trembling conceive, they have a Proverb for us, and all the Horned Fraternity go to Heaven. But as to the charge, Friend *Suky*, his Eminence, and his Chaplains may be very eaſy, for my Maſter is too Indolent to Grub up Pales, or raze the Foundations of a Park, which is a Propriety, I muſt confeſs, I do not expect from Men of a Trade, who are ſo often employ'd in Ploughing up Glebes.

This fine Image would look equally as Beautiful if we Read it backward: As for Inſtance, my Maſter is diſchurching a Park, taking away the Pews out of the Park, and ploughing the Holy Ground of the Park: Or in ſhort Diſfranciſing an Horſe, is as juſt a thought.

But

But why, dear *Suky*, ſo much of Church Authority? Thoſe things carry an Emphaſis along with them in your Houſhold; but ours is much better regulated We have Words that make a bigger, and a much wholeſomer Sound, as Parliaments, Prohibitions, Appeals, &c. which have always a tender Regard to the *Laity*; now the Orthodox having a very boyſterous Way of compelling People to be of one Mind whether they will or no: Too much of that Church Authority would be dangerous. Indeed, your Chaplains don't care for executing their Second Revenges in Perſon, tho' Sacrifices were ever dear to the Prieſts; but then you very lovingly make over their Bodies to the Secular Arm, for a little mild Correction; as ſetting him up to the Neck in a *Pitch-Barrel*, or ſo. We had once, in theſe Parts, a very remarkable Inſtance of their Love to us, which reliev'd them from the Guilt of Blood: For we were to do it our ſelves, by that bleſſed Oath *ex Officio*, which was a ſummary Way of Murdering the poor *Laity*, by their being oblig'd to anſwer upon Oath, any enſnaring Queſtion that ſhould be put to them; tho' I think, you have a much clearer way of diſpatching People by that ſublime Gift of a Diſcerning Spirit.

All Authority, *Suky*, ought to be plac'd in the moſt temperate Hands, and much more what you call a Church Authority: But that Lady, has, for the moſt part, been ſo unfortunate, as to carry a ſuſpicious Retinue about with her, and a longer Train of meager Paſſions, which, like hired Evidence, have always Sworn up to the full Intent of their Principals; ſo that we muſt be excus'd, if we do not, upon all Occaſions, make her our *Judge*, or *Reſerve*: Beſides, it's an ambiguous Word, which the Orthodox don't care to explain themſelves, for fear of ſaying too much, which may endanger it; or ſaying too little of it, for fear it ſhould leſſen it.

But now, dear Suky, *ſince the Prieſts are gone, and the remaining part of your Letter ſeems to be genuine* Whoreſhip, *I'll converſe with you in a very familiar Way: It's a Pleaſure to talk with a Woman when ſhe has the leaſt Inter-*

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val from Priestcraft, and now I think you releas'd. You are pleas'd to charge my Master with Whipt-Cream Wit, &c. I am oblig'd upon this occasion, to borrow from a reverend Divine now in Limbo, and tell you, It's a very unchristian Part, to mock any one for a Failing, because God Almighty might have curs'd them with the same Talent, and made Wits of your Orthodox.

As to the Opinion my Master has of his High-German Doctor, he'll acquiess when your Priests can write as good a High-Church Doctor; and I can assure you, the Vertigo is not so much in my Master's Head, as it is in the Salt Tails of the Orthodox.

What my Master writ in that tender Way, was design'd to make your Parsons Blush without a Witness; but since they will be contented with nothing but Stage-Impudence, he has but one Column to put the Priest and the Whore in.

But to humour you a little, let me tell you, that my Master conceal'd half of their scandalous Character under an Allegory; and if the Priests have found it, they will be the best Trustees of the Mystery.

In many things, dear Sue, you are pardonable, because you are unintelligible; but now you explain yourself with an Air of Gallantry. You, in the Name of Orthodoxy, highly resent that we should make the Cardinal the Canal thro' which we convey our Filth against the Church: I greet you upon that hopeful Discovery; and am glad to hear from your own Mouth, what I knew before, that our Orthodox Church is very much affronted at any Injury done to your Catholick Church; and a Popish Cardinal is an excellent Protector of a Protestant Church.

Sympathy goes a great way in these Cases; and whenever a Woman bowls, and a Cat purs, I am allarm'd with the Danger of both Churches.

There is a sort of slight Machinary that keeps them in Countenance: The Tears of Women, the Credulity of Wife-ridden Men, the gloomy Fears of old Bawds and Oppressors; and a sort of a Thing call'd Decency, which I place in a State of Neutrality Whenever this Grimace can be laugh'd from the Stage, as every Foppery of Life has received a Check in its turn, then adieu to your Theatrical Church, and a joyous Welcome to Religion!

But

But I am, upon second Thoughts, of Opinion, that your religious Theatres *will keep their Ground somewhat longer; for I think there is little wanting to make an Hour pass very agreeable in them, in spite of the* Parson. *No Scenes of Life have finer Decorations; every little Apartment, or Box there has its Embellishments of* Gold, *or* Azure. *The* Box-keepers *very smug with narrow* Cambrick Bands, *and the old Women that leads you to the* Twelve-penny Gallery *in* Kenting Pinners, *have a commanding Aspect. Nothing seems to be defective in the Entertainment, but a dull, casual* Priest, *who has been too idle to be at the Rehearsal, so reads his Part out of the Book.*

After all, dear *Suky*, our *Orthodox* here, are but *Sneakers* in their *Magistracy* and *Mischief*: We appeal to your Master, as the *Sovereignty of Vice and Infidelity*; our *Orthodox* have refin'd upon him in one Article. He only has *broke thro the Faith of human Treaties*, but our Catholick *English* Saints have attempted a *Colluſion with God Almighty, in their solemn Perjuries.* You must always have the better of us, because you *sin decently*, with an high hand; but we *awkardly* ape you with the *Sword* and the *Scales* over our Heads.

Your great Master has made large *Strides*, and outstepp'd the *Devil*, upon a Wager; our *Orthodox* go jogging on in a *Maudlin Trot*, till the *Devil* is forc'd to call for them. This is the unhappy Effect of their secret Love to him; but dodging with him once a Week, makes him use them like Slaves that are his of Necessity.

Should I give you a *Picture* of the *Cardinal*'s glorious Life, you would serve him for nothing, as our *Orthodox* do here. You, alas! see no beautiful *Veins* of *Vice* in him at this Day; but had you known him. when I was first acquainted with him, you would have seen the full *Lineaments* of an *elegant Debauchery*. I remember a *Noble man* of our *Country*, now with GOD, who in his Embassy to *France*, had his first pious Instructions from him, and imbib'd the Principle of *Free-Thinking*.

He open'd the Day with a *Symphony* [illegible] finest Voices, and the softest Musick. After a [illegible]erval, and the *Morning Service* read over a Dish[illegible], he took

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the Young Nobleman to a long Gallery, near the *Tuilleries*, embeliſh'd with the moſt luſcious Pictures and Statues. After this ſhort Regale of the *Eye*, he made it his buſineſs to comfort the other *Senſes*: By way of *Prologue*, a Game of *Picquet*, or *Ombre*, led up the Dance to a nobler Entertainment. On the ſudden, a Banquet of Sweet-Meats, prepar'd artificially, was let down from the top of the *Arch*, in the faſhion of a *Sconce*, with *Wax-Candles*, to give an Amuſement to the Treat.

That *Antepaſt* being diſpatch'd, they repos'd a little, with Muſick repeated. The Dinner was in ſome agreeable Space uſher'd in by Servants, dreſt in the moſt *antique Figures*; ſix *Courtezans*, of the moſt lovely Make, being rang'd in Order before-hand, according to their *Age* and *Complexions*. Gallantry, Wine, Wit, and Muſick, flow'd plentifully. The Dinner ended, the *Peer*, the *Cardinal*, and Company retir'd with the *Fair*, but under a Reſerve, till a Signal call'd the *friendly Society*, and they appear'd ſtripp'd of their *Fig-Leaves*, and in *Nature's firſt Dreſs*. The reſt you'll gueſs from the *Cardinal*'s Share in the Entertainment.

But after you have thus Larded my Maſter with admonitions: And after, all this ſerious Droll, I am ſatisfy'd, you deſpiſe it in your private Breaſt; and notwithſtanding you are in a *Cardinal*'s Kitchin, long for the Fleſh Pots of the *Laity*: However, this by the by, becauſe it's high *Lent* with you: To ſee a Woman of a *Belle Air*, and no diſpicable Senſe, to put her ſelf under the Government of ſuch Guides, which not only corrupt your Principles, but your very Style, is amazing. I'll be open to you, and tell you that Cauſe of my firſt Averſion to them: When I was entring my Fifteenth Year, I began to be pleas'd with my Reflection in the Glaſs; I was not ſolicitous whether it flatter'd me or not, becauſe it complimented me with juſt ſuch a Complexion as I fancy'd; and had it ſelf ſhort of my Wiſhes, *there were Fops* enow always prancing about me, to make good the Defects of the Mirrour: In this Train of young Fellows, which had always ſomething to ſay, without a Meaning, a ſpruce

Orthodox Prieſt accoſted me, with your humble Servant; which was all he had to ſay upon the firſt Viſit; and by the Heſitation in his delivery, I thought he would have read it out of his Book. My Mother being bred up in an Age of *Purity*, before Prieſts turn'd Beaux, or Beaux were as Wiſe as *Prieſts*, was Partial to the Young Parſon, and ſeem'd with ſome Tranſport to ſay to me; Jenny, *I ſhould think my ſelf happy, if you engage that young Divines Heart: He's worth a Million of theſe Antick Fops: He has a great deal of Grace in his Countenance, and looks as if he would riſe in the Church.*

Preferment was a Sound that engag'd my Attention, but I could not agree to put my ſelf at the expence of Airs, or extraordinary Arts to move him; for the Ground of his Complection was exactly of the Colour of a pickled *Walnut*; and the *Damask Powder* he had lightly drudg'd over his Face, anſwer'd the Moldineſs of the Pickle: I think, I have ſeen much ſuch a Face at St. *Andrews*. However to keep up the Harmony of our ſmall Family, I was negatively Civil to him, and waited the Onſet: One Evening the Dr. came in a little fluſh'd, and then, I own to you, I was in the utmoſt Perplexity, being altogether unprepar'd to Cope with two ſuch *Sofias*'s, as an Orthodox's Learning, and his Bottle. I recover'd my ſelf in a Thrice, and reſolv'd to ſtand at leaſt his firſt Fire: The firſt remarkable Thing he ſaid, and every thing you know, is remarkable that a Prieſt ſays, tho' never ſo common, was, *Madam, I am in Love; prodigiouſly in Love with you, miraculouſly in Love with you:* Then I began to think him inſpir'd, and thought it in vain to reſiſt the God. After a ſmall break in the Converſation, I was preparing to be gone; *N, Madam*, ſays he, tearing one of my Founces for eagerneſs, this is but the Introduction: Good Heavens, crys I! to my ſelf, evert the Judgment of a dull Sermon: He reaſſum'd the Diſcourſe; *I have*, ſays he, *Six Propoſitions to make out to you.*

First, *The Cauſe of my Love.*

Secondly, *The Effect your Love has had upon me.*

Thirdly, *The Reaſons of my Love.*

Fourthly, *The Danger of your Neglecting my Love.*——

I yawn'd,

I yawn'd, and expreſs'd a mortal Uneaſineſs: He obſerving that, yoak'd two together.

Fifthly, and Laſtly, *Some Expedients for bringing this Love to an happy Conſummation.*

And of all theſe diſtinctly. I found my ſelf at the point of Martyrdom, and could think of no other Stratagem, but demanding Attention, and in a Surprize, telling him, *There was Murder cry'd in the Street:* The Prieſt was not harden'd enough as yet, to hear ſuch a Cry without remorſe, and running hotly to the Window, I had the Benefit of the Clergy, and eſcap'd: In the interim, I had ſecur'd the Door, and lay down in an affected Fright. Orthodox went away dejected, as I found by the Sequel, but ſtill he renew'd his Suit, by the Intereſt he had in my Mother: But not willing to truſt himſelf to the Terms or Speech, he committed his Thoughts to Paper, wherein I muſt do him Juſtice, to ſay, he had made a labour'd Panegyrick upon my Cheecks, and Fore-head: I will remember, one was a *Roſe*, and the other a *Lilly*, and ſome Things were of *Ivory*, which ſhall be nameleſs, which I thought, as warm Fleſh and Blood as any in the Pariſh. But on Sunday, looking over the beſt Book I ever read in my Life, I found, to my great Aſtoniſhment, he had filch'd out all thoſe fine Images, from a Subject of a much ſublimer Kind, and from that Minute I baniſh'd him my Preſence, for his Prophaneneſs. Here you have a ſhort Hiſtory of my firſt Averſion to that *Clan*, the Progreſs, and End of it: And, to prevent Relapſes, threw my ſelf into the Arms of a much cleaner, but to a more ſenſible Creature, called a Beau; till rowling with Diſquietude from Place to Place, I enquir'd out for a ſober Family, and ſo I came recommended to my Maſter's Service.

After ſuch a Diſguiſe, you muſt allow for my Warmth, and Zeal againſt the Orthodox. I need not acquaint you, that there is ſuch a diſagreeable Smell, ſuch a *goatiſh* Rankneſs flows from every Pore, as I cannot digeſt. You muſt call our Great Men, and Proteſtant Clergy, by what Name you pleaſe: We know that your *Catholick Clan*, and our Orthodox Prieſts, are above Reproof, and even below the Merit of a lazy Subſiſtance

ſtance from a common Whore. I'll only Whiſper one thing to you; that if your *Cardinal*, has *Chaplains*, or our Orthodox, think themſelves aggriev'd, the beſt Expedient I can think of, is to revenge themſelves by leading a better Life; for Bullying will only prepare them for the *Bear-Garden*.

But now, dear *Suky*, in the Cloſe, I'll drop the Purple, and ſatisfy you, that your Aſſociates, or *Amanuenſis*'s, are not worth regarding: That they are lock'd up all Day in a Garret, within a Mile of *Ludgate*, guarded by double Hatches, and the Priſoners detach'd at Night to cry *Gray-Peaſe*, to Forrage upon *Luteſtrings* and *Mantua Silks*, or Sing *Ballads* in a Paper Socket. But my Maſter rings. Adieu.

FINIS.